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POEMS
BY
MRS WINTER

600087333U

PARAPHRASE

ON

THE LORD'S PRAYER;

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS;

Fables in Verse.

BY

MRS. WINTER,

Of Manningtree, Essex.

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J. MITCHELL, BOOKSELLER TO HER MAJESTY,

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TO THE

REV^D JAMES SALISBURY DUNN, M.A.,

INCUMBENT OF MANNINGTREE, ESSEX,

IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE OF HIS UNWEARIED KINDNESS

ON MANY TRYING OCCASIONS,

THIS LITTLE WORK IS DEDICATED,

BY THE OBLIGED AND GRATEFUL

AUTHORESS.

MANNINGTREE,

December, 1852.

CONTENTS.

	Page
The Lord's Prayer	1
The parting year	5
To-morrow	6
Moonlight	7
The Orphan Sailor Boy	8
A Soliloquy	10
Forget-me-not	11
Lean not on Earth	12
The Bee (a Fable)	13
Daylight	15
Solitude	16
Tears	17
I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee	18
To a friend with some Pens	20
To the Nightingale	22
The Finches (a Fable)	*ib.*
To the Butterfly	25
Butterfly and Flowers	*ib.*
To Ellen	26
Home	27
The Lilies of the Field	29

Page
What is Friendship 30
The ruins of —— . . . . . *ib.*
To the Oak 31
To the Gossamer 33
The Ants (a Fable) . . . . . *ib.*
On a group of Rosebuds 35
Inscription for an Album . . . . . *ib.*
The Mother's Grave 36
To a Friend 37
A Reflection 38
A Mother's Address to her Infant 39
What is Pity 40
An Elegy to Robert Bloomfield . . . . . *ib.*
In a Lady's Album 41
The Beetles (a Fable) 42
A spray of Oak in an Album 45
Addressed to an Insect in a Nut 46
If Riches increase, set not thy Heart upon them 47
To the Skylark 48
A Question 49
To the Heartsease 50
Upon an unfortunate Poet 51
To the Butterfly 52
Starlight 53
Affection 54
Stanzas 55
To Miss —— 56
To the Moth 57
Lines to —— 58
The Tulip and Violet (a Fable) 60
Remembrance 61
To the Robin 62
A Tear 63
What is Justice 64
An Elegy . . . . . *ib.*

The Lord's Prayer.

"OUR FATHER."

Yes, Our Father—heavenly name!
In mercy grant that I the same
May with sincerity apply,
And breathe the hope that cannot die;
Happiness—its highest state—
In God's celestial realms await
Those, who with affection sigh
For holy joys in courts on high.

"WHO ART IN HEAVEN."

Existing there, triumphant love
Endures, throughout the realms above,
Where beams the sunshine of the soul,
Nor clouds or darkness e'er controul.

"HALLOWED BE THY NAME."

Throughout the world's extensive space,
Permit the balm of Heavenly grace
To shed within the sinner's heart
That life, which must Thy truth impart.

"THY KINGDOM COME."

Celestial gem; ah! welcome here,
And dwell within my mortal sphere;
Peace! all conquering peace reside,
With olive-branch subdue the pride,
In-dwelling pride, that source of ill,
Which struggles hard till life stands still.
Come, gentle dove, my soul subdue,
Till endless life is wrapped in you.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

Father, with hand omnipotent
Thou mad'st my stubborn heart repent;
"Thy will" tremendous was thy law,
Till faith bright hope and beauty saw.
Now let in sweet response be sung,
Thy gracious heavenly will be done;
For all perfection comes from Thee,
Thou great Eternal—one in three!

"ON EARTH."

Throughout this wilderness of woe,
Oh! let kind peace and mercy flow;
Let love's bright banner be unfurl'd,
To reconcile a rebel world.

"AS IT IS," ETC.

"As it is in Heaven," bliss serene,
Let seraphs walk this world terrene;
But hush! my soul, the scene's delayed
Till brighter prospects are displayed.

"GIVE US THIS DAY, OUR DAILY BREAD."

'Tis not alone the bread of earth,
For that alone would prove a dearth;
It is the spirit's quick'ning ray,
Sustains the soul from day to day.

"AND FORGIVE US OUR TRESPASSES."

Yes, pardon, Lord, we crave of Thee,
Thou holy, just, Almighty three!
Our sins are dark in deepest dye,
For mercy, Lord, we kneel, we cry.

"AS WE FORGIVE THEM," ETC.

Ah! let me ask my soul at night,
Do I grant pardon with delight
To those who wound my soul by day;
Do I for their salvation pray?

"AND LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION."

Lord, thou wilt conduct his steps aright,
Who walks by faith and not by sight;
Send, when temptations hard assail,
Thy grace and mercy to prevail.
When the great sinner loud does roar,
Hurling his darts at life's frail door;
When his malignant passion, Death,
Pours all the fury of his breath,
Hope fills the soul with love divine,
And faith pronounces, Christ is mine!

"BUT DELIVER US FROM EVIL."

From evils of a sinful heart,
From sin's great tyrannizing part,
From hellish foes that will assail,
From the vain world that would prevail,
Deliver me.
Thy chosen race, whose love is pure,
Protect them, while they must endure.

"FOR THINE IS THE KINGDOM."

Thither bound by Christ's bright love,
The soul oft feels the heavenly dove,
And while experience points the way,
Faith whispers some heart-cheering lay.
A kingdom where no sin is known,
No demon spirit to bemoan,
No sorrow, sickness—there the soul,
But beams of love surround the whole.

"AND THE POWER AND THE GLORY."

The power that raised from chaos drear
This wondrous world, its atmosphere;
That made stupendous planets roll,
And breathed in man a living soul.
Infinity! eternity! Omnipotent thy sway,
The sovereign ruler, whereso'er we stray,
And when imagination soars on high,
Pervades all space, approach the nether sky;
There power, there glory, envelope the whole,
But fading worlds can ne'er redeem a soul!

"FOR EVER AND EVER."

Endless durability! ah! solemn sound,
In pain or bliss the vital spark is found;
Momentary shadows breathing life's dull day,
Inherent vice and passions lead the way.
Reign in the human breast till Heaven's love
Calms the sad storm, and guides to realms above;
Grant hope, faith, peace within to dwell,
And shake the power of all contending hell!

AMEN.

The Parting Year.

Year, I bid thee adieu with a sigh of regret—
Nay, a tear on my eyelid is lingering yet,
When I think on the portion of time thou hast lent,
Too heedlessly squandered, alas! or mis-spent.

I hailed thee in sorrow, in sadness and gloom,
Death threat'ning to bear to the dreary dark tomb
A pledge of affection, whose innocent smile
Could solace affliction, and sorrow beguile.

In thy sojourn thou broughtest me pleasure and pain,
Which have passed as a shadow; no relics remain,
Save those which are graven on Memory's page,
To brighten or darken the lamp of old age.

No band has been broken by Death's chilly sway;
No blossom of friendship has faded away.
Canst thou tell me, Old Year, what my feelings may be,
When thy blooming successor is hoary like thee?

Perchance a black cloud may hang over me now,
Surcharg'd with misfortune, affliction and woe:
The dart may be pointed, and aimed at my peace,
And the reign of contentment and comfort may cease.

If so, may I kiss with submission the rod,
And bend every wish to the will of my God;
Looking forward with hope, when my sojourn shall close,
To share in the promises granted to those,

Who, humble and patient, submissive and just,
In perils and dangers resigned, ever trust,
That the period allotted on earth's troubled sphere,
Shall conclude in a blissful, ne'er ending New Year.

To-morrow.

WHAT extatic delight does the youthful mind borrow
From the promise, the hope, the thought of to-morrow!
That season of bliss, which bright fancy pourtrays
As the best, and the brightest, and gayest of days.

Unclouded by sickness, or sadness, or care,
Disappointment or discord, regret or despair,
When happiness, peace and security reign,
And prosperity binds in her roseate chain.

Ah! hopes of to-morrow! how oft have we known
A gloomy reverse thy presence has shown;
Thy vot'ries' bright visions have vanished in air,
And hurled from thy summit to depths of despair.

Thy promise to-morrow, alas! has been broken;
To many thou givest the bitterest token.
How happy! thrice happy! the much-favour'd few
Who ne'er were deceived or deluded by you.

But dear is the thought to the sorrowing breast,
To-morrow will be a sweet sabbath of rest;
To-morrow this sorrowful journey will close;
To-morrow will bring sweet relief for my woes;

To-morrow my spirit will wing its gay flight,
From the shadows of earth to the regions of light;
To-morrow, though friendship may weep for my doom,
And my dust be consigned with regret to the tomb,

Thrice welcome the thought that my sufferings cease,
That pain is succeeded by pardon and peace;
Untroubled, unfading, unmingl'd with sorrow,
A long and delightful unchanging To-morrow.

Moonlight.

Yes, well I know the magic power
That waits on twilight's social hour;
And love, its fairy spell,
Back glancing memory brings to view
The happy group—the chosen few—
Which fond esteem together drew,
The pleasing tale to tell.

Still, dear to me is twilight grey,
Which you, my friend, so well pourtray,
So fanciful, so true.
But there's an hour which I prefer,
With love or friendship to confer,
Which I'll describe to you.

'Tis autumn's midnight, moonlight hour,
Which has with me the magic power
To bid all trouble cease;
Recall my wand'ring thoughts, which may
Throughout the busy worldly day
Have been usurped by passion's sway,
And tune my mind to peace.

I love to see the shadows fall
On turret, tower, or mouldering wall,
On church, on lake, or tree;
Upon the white, sepulchral stone,
The blighted elm, that lingers lone
Near yon majestic ruins, known
An abbey once to be.

At such an hour, I love to tread
The precincts of the noiseless dead,
And meditate on those
Who lov'd me well, who taught my mind
A better resting-place to find
Than time and sense disclose.

At such an hour I've look'd to heaven,
And thought, that were permission given
To leave the courts of bliss
On missions of goodwill to men,
Beyond our frail and feeble ken,
The time would be no other than
So sweet an hour as this.

The Orphan Sailor Boy.

My father died some years ago,
To dire disease and grief a prey;
My mother's heart, surcharged with woe,
Was broken on that very day.

Oh! ne'er shall I forget the hour,
Bereft of every earthly joy,
She trusted the Almighty power
Would shield her hapless orphan boy.

The parish poor-house now my home,
  No father's kiss to warm my cheek,
No mother's smile to cheer my gloom,
  I felt as if my heart would break.

Six years passed by, and I was sent
  On board a ship, to me what joy:
The captain of the 'Good Intent'
  Smiled kindly on the orphan boy.

The bright tear glistened in his eye;
  And when my bitter tale was done,
Be good, be brave, was his reply,
  And you shall henceforth be my son.

Time seemed to fly on gladsome wing,
  No care nor trouble to annoy;
And joyful as the bird of Spring
  Was now the Orphan Sailor Boy.

This blissful period soon was o'er;
  The winds contended with the waves,
Our vessel foundered near the shore,
  And all but me found watery graves.

Hungry, weary, bruised and sad,
  I've wandered many a tedious mile;
I've nought on earth to make me glad,
  And none to cheer me with a smile.

O, give the pittance you can spare,
  And find me, if you can, employ;
Think on the ills I'm doomed to bear,
  A shipwrecked Orphan Sailor Boy.

A Soliloquy.

To love, or not to love, that is the question.
Whether 'tis best to guard one's heart against its
Soft allurements, and look on all alike? or
Choose some worthy object to admire, respect,
Esteem, to love: perchance without return?
Aye, there's the rub; for then, alas! what woes
Must come. For who could bear the cold, averted
Look, the stiff deportment, and a rival's scorn?
To love, to meet return, is happiness complete.
Ambition, avarice, envy, have these no power
To mar the lover's bliss; to cloud each pleasing
Prospect; to cause the heart-ache, and the num'rous
Pangs that love is heir to? But grant them here
No place; grant too a mutual love, by mutual
Friends applauded, an equal fortune, and
Exalted minds. Still happiness is doubtful:
Jealousy (that hydra-headed monster),
Created by "some trifle light as air,"
But to its hapless vot'ry confirmation
Strong as proof of holy writ, destroys the
Mutual confidence. Suspicion and
Distrust, anxieties and doubts fill up
The measure of disquietudes, and make
Calamity of love.
Exclude the monster hence. See absence,
Sickness, death, the lover's foes, in league against
Him. Can those in love be happy? surely not,
With these attending ills—and that these ills
Attend, experience, uninfluenced and suffer'd
To speak out, do plainly tell us. No more,
I'm weary of conjectures; this must end them:
Indifference is best.

Forget-me-not.

COMPELLED to quit my peaceful home,
My woodbine bower, my humble cot,
Uncertain of my fate to come,
I'll gather thee, Forget-me-not.

Here in my bosom thou shalt bide,
Where'er I go, whate'er my lot;
Whatever evil may betide,
I'll cherish thee, Forget-me-not;

For thou wilt tell of days gone past,
When, wild and free, I heeded not,
That days like those not long can last,
Such days proclaim, Forget-me-not.

Thou'lt mind me of the parting tear,
A mother's blessing on my lot,
Of home, of kindred friends so dear,
Thou'lt mind me oft, Forget-me-not.

One parting look, one long adieu,
Farewell, thou fairest, dearest spot;
May time restore me back to you,
And those who will Forget-me-not.

Lean not on Earth.

Oh ! lean not on earth for its riches and power,
  Take the wings of the morning, and hasten away ;
Oh ! lean not on friendship, it fades in an hour,
  And its blossoms of beauty make haste to decay.

Oh ! lean not on health, 'tis the dew of the morning,
  A meteor, a shadow that tarrieth not ;
Oh ! lean not on beauty, frail nature adorning,
  It fades and is gone, and remembered not.

Oh ! lean not on vows of unchangeable love,
  Or unfading affection, the poet's vain theme ;
Oh ! lean not on man, for his favour will prove
  At best but deceptive, or only a dream.

Oh ! lean not on earth, it has nought to bestow
  But sorrow, vexation, detraction and sin ;
Oh ! lean not on earth, for too surely, I know,
  'Twill pierce the fond heart that confideth therein.

But lean on that Saviour whose word cannot fail
  To comfort the weary, to strengthen the weak ;
Oh ! lean on his mercy, and peace will prevail,
  Which earth has not power to diminish or break.

The Bee,

(A FABLE.)

I DO think it hard, said a vain little bee,
  To be doomed to a life of such labour and toil,
When so many insects around me I see,
  Who have nothing to do but to revel and spoil.

In that elegant web see the spider reposing,
  By Zephyr's soft wing gently rocking asleep:
Pray why may not I be as peacefully dozing,
  Instead of thus toiling to add to the heap?

See, the earwig walks out to enjoy the sun's ray,
  A gentleman truly, without occupation:
How proudly the creature proceeds on his way,
  To rest his fine limbs on that lovely carnation.

The happy grasshopper has nothing to do,
  So he's frisking and singing from morning to night;
And the gnat's merry dance with displeasure I view,
  For my life is a season of drudgery quite:

Besides, they look down upon me with disdain,
  A being too humble to merit regard;
I'm determined no longer such ills to sustain,
  And to live without labour. It must be absurd

For me to be toiling the whole summer through,
  Collecting from flowerets for many miles round,
To be out ere the sun has dispersed the light dew,
  And returning when night draws her mantle profound,

With a bag full of honey, or laden with wax,
  To add to the plenty we have in our hive :
I'm resolved, as I said, from this toil to relax,
  'Twere almost as well to be buried alive.

I shall now fly about, as it suits me, for pleasure,
  And live like my neighbours, who, when they shall see
I am quite independent, have plenty of leisure,
  Of course will pay court to a well-informed bee.

So this silly young creature set up for a beau,
  And prided himself on his wise resolution,
Looking down with contempt on his brethren, I know,
  Who had too much good sense to draw such a conclusion.

He sported about in the sun's cheering ray,
  And wasted long days with the idlers he met ;
But winter succeeded to summer's warm day,
  And his sun of prosperity gloomily set.

The frost came, and cropp'd all the beautiful flowers,
  The bitter winds chilled him ; and, starving and cold,
He crept into one of his late verdant bowers,
  And stretched himself out on the chilly damp mould.

Ah ! fool that I was, he exclaimed, to repine
  At the prudence which taught me to toil for my bread :
Take warning, my friends, by a folly like mine,
  I have nought to subsist on, and soon shall be dead.

Oh ! had I but done as my kindred advised,
  I now had been happy, contented and gay,
Much better—the course that I lately despised—
  My conscience upbraids me : 'tis proper it should.

He cast his eyes round on the desolate waste,
  No parent nor brother appeared to his view ;
And while his weak pulses are beating their last,
  I have taken a sketch of his story for you.

Daylight.

How truly delightful, when morning is breaking,
  Refreshed by the dew-drops perfumed by the spring,
The lark's early matin, air's tenants awaking
  To join in gay chorus, and soar on light wing.

I love the pure feeling the bosom pervading,
  Thus seeing creation receive a new life,
Night's mantle of darkness and dreariness fading,
  No sound of rude mirth, noisy clamour, or strife;

No sound save of birds, or the sheep's cheerful bleating,
  The fold's tinkling bell, or the kine's welcome lowing,
The shepherd's soft whistle, his fleecy charge greeting,
  His heart with warm feelings of extacy glowing.

I love to behold the bright sun slowly darting
  His beams of bright splendour on mountain and tree;
Mist, vapour and fog from his presence departing—
  How sweet is the breaking of morning to me.

How oft have I fancied when pensively straying,
  An Omnipotent power in his works to descry,
That the garden of Eden, each beauty displaying,
  Thus broke upon Adam's enraptured eye.

And thus, when the Archangel's trumpet awaking
  The tenants of earth from the sleep of the tomb,
The beauties of morning on them will be breaking,
  Whose bright sun disperses sin, sorrow and gloom.

Solitude.

CALM solitude, the poet's theme,
How sweet with thee to muse or dream,
In fairy fancy's magic bower,
O'er many a past or future hour,
In tranquil ease on pleasures past,
Or bliss too exquisite to last;
Dress future scenes in colours gay,
And hold a mental holiday;
But let not him whom cares oppress,
Or pangs of blighted happiness,
Or conscious guilt, or frailty weak,
Thy pensive presence ever seek.
Though sweet it is to shun the eye
Of prying curiosity,
The sneers, the scoffs, the pity vain,
The comfort of the clam'rous train,
Yet let the hapless one beware,
Lest these should lead to dark despair.
Thou canst not cure the aching heart,
Thou canst not draw affliction's dart;
Thou canst not soften pain to ease,
Or make despair or madness cease;
For busy memory will intrude,
And conscience with her terrors rude;
And care corrode and thought annoy,
And woe o'erwhelm and pain destroy;
But let him in retirement seek,
One firm and faithful friend to meet,
One who has known the ills of life,
And learnt to brave its jarring strife,

To curb each wayward passion's sway,
And look beyond life's passing day,
He will thy tale of sorrow hear,
Will shed the sympathetic tear;
Rid thee at least of half thy care,
And teach thee patiently to bear
Of human ills thy 'lotted share;
Shun noisy mirth and clamour rude,
But seek not lonely solitude,
Unless bright hope is hov'ring nigh,
And peace and calm tranquillity,
And contemplation's holy pow'r,
Then, then thou may'st, at ev'ning hour,
Go seek the calm sequester'd scene,
Far from the world's discordant din;
There commune with thyself, and see
The wonders of the Deity;
Scan Nature's splendid volume o'er,
Read, mark, learn, wonder and adore.

Tears.

When admonition's warning voice
Checks folly in its wild career,
And true repentance is our choice,
We shed the penitential tear.

When tales of sorrow melt the heart,
When virtue's path is dark and drear,
When worth declines beneath the smart,
We shed the sympathetic tear.

When Providence, all wise and kind,
  Our dearest wishes grants us here,
Our thanks by language unconfined,
  Speaks plainer in the Grateful Tear.

When dire misfortune lowers 'round,
  And poverty and want are near,
How often have the wretched found
  Sweet solace in the pitying tear.

When orphan's prayer or widow's sigh
  Attracts our gracious monarch's ear,
Is all the pomp of majesty
  So graceful as a monarch's tear?

When death with sure, unerring aim
  Consigns us to the funeral bier,
'Tis then from dearest friends we claim
  The passing tribute of a tear.

I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.

When life's begun, that tender age
When thought nor care the soul engage,
When weakness all our steps betray,
A friend divine illumes the way.

When buoyant spirits lead our youth,
The world assumes the garb of truth,
Or fancy's visions bright pourtray
Deceptive scenes, he'll never stray.

When manhood's prime, in strength arrayed,
And wealth unbounded is displayed,
When fortune, honour, station, fame
Surround, that friend is still the same.

When in the nuptial band of love
Ennobled souls affection prove,
While travelling thro' a desert wild,
That friend will ne'er forget his child.

When sickness, sadness, sorrow call,
Trials o'ercloud (the lot of all),
When riches wing a sudden flight,
That friend a gleam of hope will light.

When clouds are dark, and waters deep,
No pitying hand to yield relief,
With outward foes, and inward sin,
That friend conducts us safe within.

Right onward in the narrow road
That leads to virtue's blest abode,
In accent soft, he can controul
The boisterous trouble of the soul.

When on affliction's couch we lay,
And sinews weak approach decay,
How bright the promise does appear,
I never will forsake thee here.

He whose promises are ever sure,
He who supports, while we endure;
On him who never will forsake,
We trust, for freedom from the lake:

That lake where never-ending sorrow
Admits no ray of light to-morrow,
Where darkness reigns, where horrors dwell,
That dread abyss, the gulph of hell.

When hoary time has made us grey,
Or life's bright crimson slowly play,
When vigour sinks beneath the sun,
And life's great fight is nearly done;

When death o'ertakes, with keen-edg'd dart,
To chill the current of the heart,
To steal the trembling soul away
From earth, to realms of endless day,

Hope fills the soul, seraphic joy
O'ercomes the spirit, which alloy
Too oft had dimm'd its lustre bright,
Till faith disclos'd celestial light.

Now bursts from night to heavenly day,
The unclogg'd spirit flies away
To endless scenes, ne'er dying love,
In realms where reigns its friend above.

To a Friend with some Pens.

These Pens, for varied tasks design'd,
  Dear friend, I've made for you;
Well ordered, as I hope you'll find,
  For subject old or new.

See, one to censure pride of heart,
  Conceit and affectation;
The base, ignoble double part,
  Parade and ostentation.

A fine and clear transparent quill
  You have in this selection,
The sacred duties to fulfil
  Of friendship or affection.

One to politeness dedicate,
  Inquiries, invitation;
Another, solely to translate
  The muses' inspiration.

To one the mighty task assign,
  Of scandal, news and dress;
And one of more ignoble kind,
  Will serve for business.

One, bright and clear, I dedicate
  At friendship's sacred shrine;
The charm that does in youth elate,
  And cheer in life's decline.

A softer yet—nay, do not frown,
  A tell-tale it may prove;
Its ruggedness I've soften'd down
  For eloquence in love.

One quite as soft to supplicate,
  A boon for those who languish
On beds of sickness, or relate
  The tale of mental anguish.

But one I've chosen out with care,
  And pointed up for satire;
Use this with caution, and beware
  Of malice or ill-nature.

Ah! here, methinks, I've acted wrong,
  Alas! unlucky elf!
This very pen, perchance, ere long,
  May turn against myself.

If such misfortune should befall,
  I'll quickly call a truce,
Nor fight with weapons steep'd in gall,
  Or acrid lemon juice.

To the Nightingale.

Sweet Philomel, I listen, with feelings half divine,
To those varied tuneful mellow notes of thine;
When Luna, with her silver bow, mild radiance sheds around,
And glow-worms, with their fairy lamps, illumine all the ground.
When echo seems to sleep, and the busy hum of men
Is wrapp'd in stilly silence by upland, wood and glen;
My heart, with rapture thrilling, in extacy replies
To thy notes of matchless sweetness, and converse with the skies.

The Finches,

(A FABLE.)

It happen'd once, but when or where
'Tis of no moment to declare;
A matron Finch, with daughters three,
Lived in a lovely apple tree.
Mamma was rather past her prime,
But reckon'd handsome in her time,
And with good manners and pretence,
Became a Finch of consequence;
Till death depriv'd her of her mate,
And threw a shadow o'er her fate;
Though, with her cutting and contriving,
Her circumstances still were thriving.
Miss Finches—pretty forward birds—
Had long been courting the regards

Of every bachelor or beau,
Or widower, they chanced to know.
Without success each art was parried,
They were not likely to be married.
It happen'd on a winter's day,
When Sol put forth a cheering ray,
A kindred Finch some distance came,
To pay a visit to the dame,
A brisk good humour'd lively creature,
With ebon poll, and striking feature.
Dear me! what graces and what fluttering,
Contrivance, stratagem and stuttering—
Our hero found a general plan
Was laid his freedom to trepan;
Mamma's broad hints, thrown out in dozens,
Her praises of his lovely cousins,
Inform'd him she had no objection—
Nay, would approve of his selection.
Indeed, she soon began to sing,
My chick-a-bids, 'tis almost spring;
Your worth and beauty are confess'd,
I've taught you how to build a nest.
You all support yourselves, I own,
But 'tis not good to peck alone;
So choose ye each a proper mate,
And enter on the nuptial state.
The pretty dears began to sidle,
To sigh, to chirrup, and to twidle;
Each prais'd her cousin's courtly air,
His graceful mien, his modest stare—
Admired his plumage and his carriage,
Enquired his sentiments of marriage;
Sung him, unask'd, his favourite ditties,
Conversed of woodlands, groves and cities;
Provided most delicious fare,
And filled his crop with berries rare.

Dick felt annoy'd at such attention,
But what he thought he did not mention;
'Tis true he had his share of pride,
But here it was not gratified,
For he, sagacious Dick, perceiv'd
What some weak heads have not believed:
That 'twas not him the chicks preferr'd
To any other courtly bird;
So ere he took his farewell flight,
The note subjoin'd he chose to write.

"Dear Aunt,
I am troubled and perplexed;
To tell the truth, I'm downright vex'd
To find yourself and daughters three,
In coquetting so well agree.
I cannot wed a forward chick,
The thought disgusts, and turns me sick;
I thank you all, for your regards,
And hope you'll meet with other birds,
Who, less fastidious than me,
In all your projects can agree;
But pray remember, very few
Approve the plans pursued by you.
We love a conduct modest, good,
To woo, dear auut, and not be woo'd.
Forgive my freedom—pardon quick,
Your wild, ungrateful nephew,
"Dick."

To the Butterfly.

PAUSE, reader, and this insect scan—
Behold a vivid type of man;
First a worm of mortal birth,
Spending his little day on earth.
Then consigned—'tis nature's doom—
To rest within the silent tomb;
Thence to rise in glory bright,
Freed from sin and sorrow's blight.
What wond'rous love, what mighty power,
Read, mark, learn, wonder and adore.

Beneath a Drawing of a Butterfly and Flowers.

BEAUTEOUS Butterfly and Flowers,
Companions of the sunny hours,
Lend a subject for my muse,
And thine own harmony infuse.

What is childhood's joyous day?
What are youthful visions gay?
What are manhood's boasted powers?
Only butterflies and flowers.

What is health, with rosy smile?
What is beauty's witching wile?
What is strength in conquest's hours?
Only butterflies and flowers.

What is pleasure, wild and free?
What is gay prosperity?
What are spring and summer hours?
Only butterflies and flowers.

To Ellen.

SINCE, Ellen, you propose a theme,
  I've not the least objection,
For one whom I so much esteem,
  To write upon affection.

To you, who feel its magic charm,
  And live by its direction,
My grave remarks may cause alarm,
  In favour of affection.

Bright, pure, unclouded and serene,
  It braves a close inspection;
How dreary were life's chequer'd scene,
  Unblest by fond affection.

And start not, Ellen, when I say,
  That many a bright complexion
Has met a premature decay,
  From ill repaid affection.

How bitter is the pensive sigh
  Occasioned by reflection,
When death has clos'd the speaking eye,
  That hailed us with affection.

And bitter is the conscious fear
  That startles at detection;
But bitter, bitter is the tear,
  That falls for lost affection.

Home.

How the heart dances, and the speaking eye,
Lit up with soft emotion at the magic sound,
Sparkles with extacy and love; oh!
What a chord is touched, as memory traces true
The by-gone hours of happy childhood,
When, seated on a parent's knee, we learned
The Alphabet—prodigious task!
And lisped our Evening Prayer:
Ah! who can e'er forget the fond maternal kiss;
The soft good-night, repeated once, twice, thrice,
And sealed how oft with pure affection's pearly tear?
Who ere has found upon this world's wide stage
Such fairy scenes, such faithful friends, such happy hours,
Such peaceful slumbers, and such magic dreams,
As Home! sweet Home! possesses and inspires?
Where can the repentant prodigal retreat
From insincerity, neglect and scorn,
Save to that roof where the gay dawn of life began,
Watched by that maternal eye, which now o'erflows
With tears of mingled bitterness and joy?
And whither, let me ask, can the fair penitent—
Victim of broken vows, ill-placed affection,
And too easy faith—seek shelter from the 'whelming storms,
That, gathering dire, are bursting o'er her undefended
And devoted head? where will she find,
Save in that home, which in a fatal hour
She left, but not unmindful of the sad return
For anxious care and fond solicitude;
But, hurried on by heedless passion
To the dreadful gulph, reflection came too late;

The pitying tear, the kind embrace, the cordial welcome,
And oh! far more than all, forgiveness for the past;
And help and guidance to that gracious power,
Who doubtless will accept the contrite spirit
And the broken heart.
What, save the thought of home, could cheer the drooping spirit
And fainting step of weary pilgrim pacing slow,
Footfoundered and alone, the long, long, dreary
And benighted way?
The shipwrecked sailor, too, inspired with energies unwonted,
Combatting the mountain billows, holds with death
A long and sturdy conflict, till, subdued,
He sinks to rise no more, with prayers
And blessings faltering on his tongue, for home,
His wife and little ones.
How I love to trace the scenes of bygone hours,
The fields, the meadows and the lanes,
Where oft, in childhood's happy spring, with loved
Companions, young and joyous as myself, alas!
Now far dispersed, have trod their verdant paths,
Seeking wild flowers—violet, daisy and forget-me-not,
Affection's offering to some valued friend.
How oft beneath that well-remembered tree,
Whose every leaf to me seems fraught with pleasing
Record of my childish days—here oft have
I sought shelter from the noonday sun,
And here, too, watched his evening beams decline;
But with these recollections comes the thought
Of her, how truly dear, whom I had hoped
To welcome to my own glad home, and with
My children share her all of earthly love;
But she is gone, and found a home in heaven,
Leaving me a bright example, and an aching heart.

Behold the Lilies of the Field.

STUDY the lilies of the field:
They toil not, neither do they spin;
Yet pure and grateful fragrance yield,
Remote from folly, noise and din.

Seeking the cool sequester'd shade,
Impervious to the careless eye,
To bud, to blossom and to fade,
Unmarked by heedless passers-by.

Just so the Christian holds his way,
Unknown, unnoticed, or forgot;
But, cheer'd by faith's unfading ray,
How peaceful is his chequered lot!

Wild, unassuming, tranquil, meek,
Retiring from a sinful world,
A better dwelling-place to seek,
Where mercy's banner is unfurl'd.

How sweet the odours which arise
Around the altar of his home!
How few, alas! who justly prize
The pilgrim's path to worlds to come!

What is Friendship?

Is friendship professions from one who pretends
To be vastly your friend for his own private ends;
The flattery of sycophants, hoping to find
Your failings or foibles have rendered you blind;
The applause of a person who borrows your pelf,
Ne'er intending to pay, but who pities the elf;
The offer of service from those who contrive,
From your passive good-nature to make their schemes thrive;
Shaking hands when the fingers recoil from the touch,
A formal adieu when a sigh is too much;
The kiss coldly given, affection to show;
The courtesy all grace, the short How d'ye do?
A thump on the shoulder, which causes a pain,
Quite as much as your temper knows how to sustain;
The familiar address, tears ready to start,
While hatred and malice preside in the heart.

The Ruins of ——

Hark! how the wind whistles throughout this old pile,
When the owlet and bat find a shelter secure,
And reptiles so loathsome, weeds noisome and vile,
Here revel in safety, and flourish impure.

Superstition avoids it with horror and dread,
Tradition fell deeds of foul murder repeat,
And ghosts of the victims arise from the dead,
And wander at midnight, pale Luna to greet.

Yet once on a time architectural state
  Adorned these old ruins with grandeur and pride,
Look'd around on its beauties with riches elate,
  And mocked lowly merit, and succour denied.

To the child of misfortune, who craved it in vain
  From the lord of the castle, who, frowning severe,
Forbade the approach of a suppliant train,
  And chilled even hope by a mandate austere.

Then music and revelry echoed along
  These halls and those passages, gone to decay;
The chivalrous knights and the warrior throng,
  Like a tale that is told, have all vanish'd away.

Nor beauty, nor riches, nor power can last
  Beyond the short limit allow'd to their span;
And time, with his scythe, hurries onward so fast,
  That life is a shadow, and just so is man.

To the Oak.

Of all the beauteous trees that grace
  Old Albion's lov'd and sea-girt isle,
The oak must claim a premier place,
  Though modern taste and pride revile.

Our rude forefathers knew its worth,
  Its fruits supplied a banquet then,
Its leaves a couch outspread on earth,
  In some sequestered copse or glen.

When wild rebellion lawless rose,
  And drove a monarch from his throne,
The oak secur'd from ruthless foes,
  When friends and fortune left him lone.

Old England's far-famed wooden walls
  Are formed from this majestic tree,
And when the voice of duty calls,
  True hearts of oak, ungalled and free,

Are ever found, to guard our coast
  From bold usurper's tyrant sway;
And many a British tongue may boast
  That oak will shroud his mould'rlng clay.

Braving the wild and howling blast,
  Unbending in the wintry storm,
Yielding to time's keen scythe at last,
  Slowly decays its noble form.

A vernal monarch of the land,
  And dear to every British heart;
Even its ruins, truly grand,
  Will many a wholesome truth impart.

Speaking in languagc clear indeed,
  That all on earth must meet decay,
That Time, though tardy in his speed,
  Too surely sweeps all things away.

Beauty must fade, and strength must fail,
  Worth cannot charm its iron spell;
Kingdoms and empires are but frail,
  And many a humbling presage tell.

Plant of my native land, adieu!
  My humble muse can ill pourtray,
My musings as thy form I view,
  In youth, in vigour and decay.

To the Gossamer.

BEAUTIFUL insect, sportive and gay,
Rest thee awhile on this eglantine spray;
The lovely carnation, of elegant hue,
Expands its fair blossom—a welcome for you.
Or do you love from the graceful jonquille
To inhale the perfume its sweet petals distil.

Beautiful Gossamer, fly not away,
Flora around has a splendid display;
Choose thee a floweret and tarry awhile,
Let me gaze on thy beauty of exquisite style.
Trust me, thou may'st, there is nothing to fear,
Calm may you rest in security here.

Beautiful insect, choose thee a rose,
On its fair bosom serenely repose;
Ah! hast thou chosen the fair *pense-amoi*,
Floweret of friendship, token of joy!
Think of me, mortal, thou seemest to say,
Seek for the flow'rets that never decay.

The Ants,

(A FABLE.)

I WOULD not be a butterfly,
Deck'd in robes of radiant dye,
Sporting in the noontide ray,
Thoughtless, indolent and gay.

I would not be a drowsy moth,
Wasting life in careless sloth;
Or rous'd by pride to folly's height,
Plunge in the taper's fatal light.

I would not be that useless thing,
A gadfly, with transparent wing,
Coquetting from sweet to sweet,
Every gaudy flower to meet.

I would not be, what I behold,
An idle wasp in black and gold,
Feasting on the downy peach,
Destroying all within its reach.

Neither would I be a snail,
Creeping in a coat of mail,
Unable both to fly or walk,
And dining off a cabbage-stalk.

Thus said a little ant one day,
Oppress'd by Sol's refulgent ray,
And resting with his pond'rous load,
Upon the way to his abode.

A friend who heard the busy creature,
After examining each feature,
Replied, " Dear madam, pray excuse,
I'll not intrude on friendship's dues.

But griev'd I am to hear you prate
About your neighbours at this rate;
Nay, do not frown—I must be heard—
You are too sharp, upon my word.

Your industry is great, I grant,
Your prudence well provides for want;
And true contentment is a blessing
I'm truly pleas'd with your possessing.

But in your countenance I view
A shade of envy's blighting hue;
A tinge of self-conceit and pride
Are quite as visible beside.

Excuse the freedom of a friend,
And strive these blemishes to mend;
Encouraged, rapid is their growth,
Eclipsing your intrinsic worth.

Pity for others' faults and failings
Should always conquer bitter railings;
Humility should deck your brow,
And kindness blend with all you do.

Fair charity, that thinks no ill,
And candour, courtesy, good-will,
Should alway judge of others labours,
And hold the scales to weigh their neighbours.

Written beneath a Group of Rosebuds.

The rose, the loved and lovely rose,
Presents an emblem of decay;
E'en while its beauteous leaves unclose,
An insect eats its stem away.

So 'tis with man—the sting of death
Destroys his fair and fragile bloom;
And when he draws his natal breath,
Begins his journey to the tomb.

Inscription for an Album.

My frontispiece with art and science dight,
The modest muse, perchance, may fright;
Fear not, explorer—(here no critics frown,
For friendship marks these pages as her own)—
To add thy tribute to my treasured store
Of pen or pencil. I will say no more
Than this, as relics of blest years gone by,
When friends are scattered, some, alas! may die;

Some may forsake me, others may forget,
And youth's bright hopes in bitter gloom may set.
'Twill charm the pensive hours, again to trace
Each kind memento that here finds a place;
Or should my days in peaceful calmness glide,
Yet time and distance early friends divide.
Ah! be my home a palace or a cot,
Dear "Auld Lang Syne" will never be forget;
New friends may please, and solace kind impart,
But early friendships nestle in the heart;
And be that heart by vice or folly broke,
As clings the ivy to the blighted oak,
So friendship twines around the withering form,
Shields and supports the victim of the storm.

The Mother's Grave.

Who sleeps beneath this hillock, green and osier-bound,
Where humble wild flowers unambitious creep?
A mother here a resting-place has found,
Where love and sorrow sacred vigils keep.

Mark the fresh garland on the blighted tree,
Whose withering branches partly shade the spot;
Affection's tear unmix'd here plainly see,
Still glitt'ring on the pale forget-me-not.

No costly monument—no sculptured stone—
With labour'd eulogies attention crave;
Here meditation loves to wander lone,
And weep upon a mother's humble grave.

The tear that trembles on the orphan's cheek,
As memory glances at the days gone by;—
The sacred flame of filial love, bespeak
And claim the tribute of the passing sigh.

Ah! be it mine, when Death, with potent sway,
  Shall stop the pulses of this mortal frame—
While blend my ashes with their kindred clay,
  My children's love and fond regret to claim.

I do not ask the pageantry of woe—
  Upon my hillock flowers or grass may wave;
Let pearly tears of filial sorrow flow
  Upon their mother's humble, lowly grave.

To a Friend.

How often have we cause to weep,
  For others' sufferings or our own;
And o'er my humble lyre will creep
  Full many a sad and plaintive tone.

For who can say, I'm truly blest;
  My bosom owns no anxious care;
No poignant sorrows e'er molest,
  For all around is passing fair?

Full well I guess thy cause of woe,
  And bitter, bitter 'tis, I own;
Respected let thy sorrows flow,
  But not unpitied or alone.

An eye unseen beholds thy grief;
  An ear in secret hears thy sighs;
A hand supreme will give relief
  When every earthly comfort flies.

Then cherish hope, in mercy given,
  To cheer us on our chequer'd way;
Though cross'd, and rugged, and uneven,
  'Twill terminate in endless day.

A Reflection.

Sages have said the world's a cheat,
With sorrows, cares and sin replete:
Its smiles are faithless, fleeting, vain;
Its best applause a jarring strain;
Its partial kindness only shown
Where Fortune has her favours strown;
Its frown ungentle, harsh, austere;
Its censure pitiless, severe;
Its chill neglect the poor man shares;
Its dreaded laugh not virtue spares;
Its honours fragile, dearly bought;
Its pleasures empty—less than nought;
And he who would its riches gain,
Reaps disappointment, care and pain.
But ah! one sacred spot remains
Where faithful friendship ever reigns;
Where love unchangeable presides,
Experience counsels, wisdom guides;
Where memory holds her wonted sway,
Beyond the period of to-day;
Where may be found affection's tear,
Bright, pure, unclouded and sincere,
The cordial greeting, free from guile,
The warm embrace, the cheerful smile,
The fond regrets, the heartfelt sighs,
And all the social sympathies.
To find the spot, we need not roam;
One word expresses it—'tis home!

A Mother's Address to her Infant.

For thee, sweet babe! a mother's love
  Unfading flow'rets would be wreathing;
But after days will truly prove
  How fond the wish that love is breathing.

I will not ask at Fortune's shrine
  Her richest treasures to bestow;—
May health and sweet contentment twine
  A flow'ry garland for thy brow.

I will not ask of Nature kind
  The fairest form and face for thee;
No! may she rather deck thy mind
  With virtue and humility.

But I will ask of bounteous Heaven
  To guide thee in the narow way;
Be it rugged and uneven,
  Yet from its precincts ne'er to stray.

I will not ask of Science fair
  Her polish'd gifts to grace my child;
Home's sweeter duties be her care—
  A temper even, soft and mild;

A heart affectionate, sincere,
  Not too susceptible or too frigid;
A judgment as the noonday clear,
  To others' failings not too rigid.

And may Religion rear her throne
  Within the precincts of thy heart;
And though unfriended and alone,
  Thou'lt have a balm for every smart.

On being asked, What is Pity?

Ah! pity—angelical pity!—I know,
Wounds not misfortune by irony's blow;
It soothes the opprest—the sinner would spare—
Makes childhood and age its peculiar care;
Sheds a tear for the sufferings it cannot relieve,
And tempers stern justice the wretch to reprieve.
But pity is not altogether confined
To sooth the afflictions and woes of mankind;
To the beasts of the field—to the birds of the air,
Sweet pity extendeth her banners to spare;
The fish of the sea and the poor creeping thing
Gentle pity protects from barbarity's sting;
The all-wise Creator, to brighten life's span,
In pity to us took the semblance of man;
Robb'd death of its terrors, and died on the tree,
To purchase redemption for sinners like me.

On the Death of Robert Bloomfield.

Poet of Nature, fare thee well!
  Thou art lost to every human eye;
The sexton tolls thy fun'ral knell:
  The best and brightest soonest die.

'Twas here thy destiny to know
  The height of bliss and depth of sorrow;
Thy form will rest in earth below,
  In calm repose to wait "the morrow."

Unshackled from an envious world,
  The bands of nature hold no more,
Hope's brightest banner waves unfurled,
  A welcome to a happier shore.

There tune thy lyre to songs of love—
  In chorus with the angels sing;
Eternal pleasure reigns above,
  An everlasting verdant spring.

Written in a Lady's Album.

Shall I, a simple child of song,
  In these fair pages dare to write;
Presume to join that tuneful throng
  Whose graceful numbers wake delight.

Shall I entwine my humble name
  In such a wreath of poesy:
Unknown to fortune and to fame,
  Myself and simple minstrelsy.

The frail effusion of my pen,
  Unmeet, unmeant for public eye,
Design'd alone for friendship's ken,
  And in its sunny smile to die,

Will here, I trust, with kindness meet
  Protection from the critic's sneer;
For, lady, I am fain to greet
  Thee with a rustic lay sincere.

I wish thee every earthly good,
  Thy present happiness unfading;
And should unwelcome care intrude,
  Thy flow'ry path with sorrow shading,

May'st thou have fortitude to bear
  Those chast'nings, oft in mercy given,
And in the hour of trial share
  The all-supporting hand of Heaven.

The Beetles,

(A FABLE.)

An honest old beetle—so fabulists tell—
Resided alone in a snug little cell,
No cheerful housekeeper, or sensible wife,
Enliven'd the hours of his bachelor life;
His spirits, I'm told, were remarkably good,
And his conduct extoll'd by the whole neighbourhood
For kindness and courtesy, learning and sense—
Being truly polite, never giving offence;
His justice and judgment were deem'd so profound,
That disputants came to him for many miles round,
To ask his advice or to settle dissension:
One instance perchance it were proper to mention.
Two spiders, that long had been intimate friends,
Lived in harmony sweet which on friendship attends;
Ever anxious to please, and attach'd to each other,
They considered themselves as the sons of one mother:

It chanced on a time, as these two worthy spinners
Lay in ambush to catch a plump fly for their dinners,
I think Mr. Longlegs, one of them, begun,
" My daughter would be a fine match for your son;
She's gay as the lark and blithe as the bee,
And has no objection, between you and me;
My resources are ample, I well can provide
A dowry worth having with such a sweet bride."
Mr. Longlegs was silent, well knowing his heir
Had placed his affections on some other fair:
Had not this been the case, he would often aver
He would never consent to be married to her;
For pretty Miss Spinwell, it pains me to tell,
Was a thoughtless, extravagant, dashaway belle,
And he wisely concluded that discord and strife
Would follow his course if he took such a wife.
The silence continued—'twas painful in truth;
At length thus began the papa of the youth:
" It has long been my wish that a union should blend
Our separate interests, my much valued friend;
But youth is so wayward, and, scorning advice,
Deems its wisdom profound, and decides in a trice.
My son," and he paused, and he sighed, and resumed,
" Is engaged to Miss Webspin, whose house was consumed
In the late severe tempest; and they have agreed
To be married directly: it grieves me, indeed,
To wound your kind feelings, my excellent brother;
Let not this make a change in regard to each other."
Now both of these spiders, it can't be denied,
Had a very large portion of family pride;
And Miss Spinwell's father's kind offer refused,
He consider'd his dignity vastly abused;
Disputations arose, and a coolness ensued,
And their alter'd deportment was surly and rude.
A friend, who respected both parties, began
To accommodate matters; he hit on the plan

To send them to Counsellor Beetle so grave,
His friendly advice and wise judgment to crave;
He patiently heard every point of the case,
Examined, cross-question'd, then stroking his face,
"Truly, neighbours," he cried, "I'm sorry to see
Old acquaintance and friends thus referring to me;
But as I am a friend and admirer of peace,
I advise that all malice and discord should cease:
What has happen'd is past; let each party be mute,
And never begin or prolong a dispute;
Shake hands on the instant, take dinner with me,
Return to your houses between supper and tea:"
The two worthy spinners approv'd his advice,
Shook hands, and were friendly again in a trice.
Now somehow it happened—but how is not known—
Mr. Beetle grew tired of residing alone;
So to gild, as he said, the calm evening of life,
He resolved upon taking a sensible wife:
All approved of the project, for each could commend
An aunt or a sister, niece, daughter, or friend.
His choice was soon fix'd on an elegant creature,
Of winning deportment and beautiful feature;
Some wise ones look'd wiser, some ventured to wink,
And those who were silent had leisure to think.
His neat little cell was soon furnished in style;
Neighbour Beetle, 'twas said, had forgotten to smile;
Old friends, one by one, very plainly could see
They were not much approved by the gay Mrs. B.—
That most of the guests, overstarched in their pride,
Were the brothers, and cousins, and friends of the bride.
It will not be matter, perhaps, of surprise,
To know that time open'd our worthy friend's eyes:
He found—as too many have found when too late—
He had acted unwisely in choosing a mate,
Where age, taste and sentiments truly bespoke
A state of sad bondage—an uneasy yoke.

"'Tis useless," he said, "to regret or repine;
Too many have wept such an union as mine."
"Very true," said a friend, "this is one instance more;
Of similar ones I know half a score:"
And points out that wisdom is likely to err.
This truth you will grant without any demur—
That where sense and judgment most brightly appear,
Frailty asks for a pitying tear.

A Spray of Oak, in an Album.

FAIR spray of oak, I greet thee here,
On more accounts than one;
As friendship's gift I hold thee dear,
Auspiciously begun.

Be thou an emblem of it too,
Plant of my native land;
For storm and tempest well I know,
Unmov'd thou dost withstand.

So be our friendship famed for strength,
For constancy and truth;
And long outlive the little length
Of gay and glowing youth.

The storm may tear away thy leaf,
And strip thy sturdy bark,
So we may feel the storms of grief,
And all around be dark.

Yet as the tempest cannot reach
To sear or blight thy heart,
So we, true friendship guiding each,
May sooth misfortune's smart.

Addressed to an Insect, in a Nut.

Ah! what animation here!
Existence without atmosphere—
Within the precincts of this shell
To live, to revel and to dwell.

No dawning light of glorious day,
Nor nature's genial garbs display;
No ray of light, a solemn gloom,
Till crackers haste thy mortal doom.

Methinks, poor insect, thou must wonder,
As the dire crash, like mighty thunder,
Developes, as around you see,
A sunlit world exposed to thee.

Is it seclusion, insect, tell,
That makes thee look so white, so well;
Or is it that you have alone
In spotless grace and silence shone?

Farewell, poor insect, now adieu;
When nature bursts, may I, like you,
With garments white and spirit gay,
Hail the great eternal day.

If Riches Increase, set not thy Heart upon them.

Now if thy fields yield ample store,
  And added wealth increase thy state,
Thou art not truly rich, but poor,
  Though sordid minds may call thee great.

Should glit'ring gold or costly gem
  Attract thy spirit from the sky,
Set not thy hope alone on them,
  But living, learn the art to die.

Poor is the wealth of time and sense,
  Fading, decaying, quickly gone—
Faith looks beyond earth's recompense
  To gain celestial wealth alone.

Earthly possessions clog the soul,
  Fetter its higher flights of bliss,
Withdraw the spirit from its goal,
  And tempt frail man to act amiss.

For pride, poor human pride, the bane
  Of joys, pure, tranquil and sincere,
Darkens the mind as wealth we gain,
  Whispering thou hast nought to fear.

Presumptuous man false reason hears,
  Bids his poor soul in full repose,
Chases his half-extinguished fears,
  Nor faith, nor hope, nor love disclose.

Guide us, kind Father, guide us still,
  With passions gentle, love sincere,
Teach us thy way, thy holy will,
  To bend in meek submission here.

Teach us the knowledge that has power
  The soul to raise above this scene,
When ev'ry earthly joy shall lower,
  And man's true dignity be seen.

We'll use thy blessings which around
  In peaceful plenty scâtter'd lay;
And should our earthly stores abound,
  Oh! grant us those which ne'er decay.

To the Skylark.

Sweet thrilling songster of the field,
What joys thy early matins yield
  The ploughman on his way.
Bright bird of morning's earliest light,
Harmonious chaser of the night,
  Proclaimer of the day.

Soaring on wide extended wing,
You call the feather'd tribe to sing,
  And adoration pay.
To laud his wonders, while thy breath
Proclaims aloud, revive from death!
  Behold Sol's cheerful ray!

From partial death of dreamy sleep,
Awake ye slothful slumberers deep,
  Attend to music gay.
While life's short hours to thee are lent,
Appreciate the blessing sent,
  And tune thy grateful lay.

A Question.

Who, in this world of grief and care,
Will teach us all its ills to bear,
And in our sorrows kindly share?

Who, of a nature formed to please,
From languor dull the spirit frees,
And changes care to mirth and ease?

What gives our pleasures all their zest?
Whose marked attentions make us blest,
And with such transports fill the breast?

When danger threatens, who is near,
Our fainting steps and heart to cheer,
And wipe away the falling tear?

If foes ignoble dare oppress,
And overwhelm us in distress,
Who flies our injuries to redress?

Who by a word, a look, a sigh,
Creates despair or extacy,
Fixing our earthly destiny?

From every insult does defend,
And in one sacred union blend
A father, brother, husband, friend.

To the Heartsease.

Go, heartsease, deck the sunny brow
  Of that unconscious blooming one,
And through life's devious path as now,
  Unfading bloom for thee, my son.

Sweet, lovely emblematic flower,
  In childhood's gambols wild and free,
I've mark'd in him thy magic power,
  With all a mother's extacy.

Gay, happy, buoyant, volatile,
  I've watched his sports with tearful eye,
Whilst fancy changed that chernb smile
  To manhood's tear of agony.

How fond, how weak, ah! how complex,
  A mother's fondest wishes are,
Distracting thoughts, foreboding vex,
  Augmented by maternal fear.

She sees her blooming offspring grow
  From childhood's dawn to manhood's prime,
And knows the world can nought bestow,
  But sin, deception, guilt and crime.

Yet on this fair deceitful stage,
  Her precious charge must soon appear;
And onward to declining age,
  That world will every virtue sere.

Nor can she bear the thought, that death
  Should call it to an early tomb,
Though faith entwines the cypress wreath
  With flow'rets of immortal bloom.

Still in the world's extensive range,
  There is to the observant eye
A narrow path where few estrange,
  Its termination is on high.

Upon an unfortunate Poet.

Yes, hapless poet, wretched is thy fate!
Oppress'd by penury, pursued by hate;
Disasters dire thy gentle spirit vex;
In early youth, by hopeless love perplex'd,
Thy hopes were crushed—despair his shafts unfurl'd,
And thou becamest an outcast from the world;
A houseless wanderer on life's rugged stage,
Without one friend to cheer declining age.
Unpitying clowns thy solitude molest,
And rabble boys thy evening hours distrest;
Thy well-directed and submissive mind
Within itself can consolation find;
To thee religion will her aid impart,
To soothe the sorrows of a broken heart.
Mild resignation to the will of God,
Enables thee to kiss the chastening rod;
And peaceful conscience and the Muse's smile
Combined, thy woe-fraught wretchedness beguile.
Had fortune shed on thee her gen'rous store,
Hadst thou been rich, not miserably poor,
Thy genius, blazon'd by the breath of fame,
Had cast a deathless halo round thy name.
Bards much less happy in the Muse's smile,
Whose labour'd verse is usher'd in with toil,
Of taste inferior and in style beneath,
Are often crowned with bright distinction's wreath.
Thy works, I fear, though dress'd in pleasing guise,
By pride and prejudice forbade to rise,
Full soon consign'd to dark oblivion's shade,
Will bloom unseen, and undistinguished fade.
A candid few may advocate thy cause,
Nor fear to give thy genius due applause;
One of that few am I—nor blush to tell,
'Tis with regret I bid thee now farewell!

To the Butterfly.

Little flaunting gaudy thing,
Sporting thus on giddy wing,
How unlike the modest bee,
Idle thou, industrious he.

Flitting thus from sweet to sweet,
Childhood does thy presence greet,
Tracing thee from flower to flow'r,
The pastime of its gleeful hour.

Free thou art from care and sorrow,
Reckless of thy fate to-morrow;
He provides a winter store,
Is humbly rich, thou proud and poor.

Insects! in your lives I trace
Emblems of the human race;
The idle fop and gay coquette,
In the butterfly are met.

But in the useful, humble bee,
Intrinsic worth and modesty;
Skill to improve the present hour,
And gather sweets from ev'ry flower.

Ladies, gentle, young and fair,
Make not dress and show your care;
Seek for pleasures more refined,
And deck with nicest art the mind,

Starlight.

Now the glorious orb of day
  Has slowly sunk in ocean's bosom,
Now the glow-worm gems the way,
  And the primrose ope's its blossom.

Labour now retires to rest,
  Fairies dance upon the green,
Every bird has sought its nest,
  Save the owl of omen'd mien.

Now the firmament on high
  Shines with many a starry ray,
Twinkling in the cloudless sky,
  To light the weary pilgrim's way.

Now the pilferer cautious creeps,
  Startling as the watch-dog barks;
Now the sleepless mourner weeps,
  As time's tardy step he marks.

See the ruthless murderer stealing
  On his destin'd victim: lo!
Unrestrain'd by conscious feeling,
  Now he strikes the fatal blow.

Now the village goblin stalking
  Through the lane, arrayed in white,
Sets the ancient beldames talking
  Of ghosts that haunt the starlight night.

Affection,

(WRITTEN BY REQUEST.)

Ah! lady, you have acted right
  In making this selection;
For who is there who cannot write
  An essay on affection.

A sacred feeling which imparts
  A lustre by reflection;
How blest the unison of hearts,
  Cemented by affection.

Too oft the infant's only dower,
  Insuring it protection;
In childhood's gay and reckless hour,
  How needful is affection.

A floweret blooming on the waste,
  To chase away dejection,
In friendship's bosom truly placed,
  In token of affection.

A lamp to guide the pilgrim's way,
  The christian's best direction;
How beaming is the soften'd ray,
  Enkindled by affection.

No product of ingenious art,
  That falls upon inspection;
Does there exist a human heart
  That beats not with affection.

Long, lady, may you feel its power,
  It shrinks not from inspection,
And in affliction's trying hour,
  Be tended by affection.

And when thy placid life shall close
  Frail nature's just correction,
Long be thy mem'ry wept by those,
  Who hail'd thee with affection.

Stanzas.

Oh! solitude, where is the charm
  Thy stillness so lately possess'd?
Thy silence could sorrow disarm,
  And soothe sad disquiet to rest.

When Sol in mild splendour has set,
  No more by the streamlet I stray,
The lonely sequester'd retreat
  I leave for a circle more gay.

The season of trial is o'er,
  The band of my trouble broke up,
Hope smiles on my prospect once more,
  And joy sparkles bright in my cup.

Society, friendship and health,
  Sweet soothers of every pain,
Much dearer than honours or wealth,
  With rapture I greet ye again.

Sweet peace in this late aching heart
  Again has erected her throne,
Anxiety, sorrow depart,
  For happiness now is my own.

Fly hence, every pang of regret,
  And all that disturb'd my repose;
Yet let me not madly forget
  The source whence felicity flows.

To thee, the protector of youth,
  The support of my sorrowful days,
The God of salvation and truth,
  I offer thanksgiving and praise.

To Miss —

Come, cheer thee, Lucella, and dry up those tears,
  Which ingratitude base thus impels thee to shed,
No longer a prey to disquieting fears,
  Oh! shake off those trammels which falsehood has spread.

Ah! tell me no more that your peace of mind never
  Again will return, that your prospects are seared,
That, base as he is, you will love him for ever,
  And end your sad sojourn alone and uncheered.

Believe me, thy sorrows too much I respect,
  To accuse thee of weakness, and never will I,
By ungentle reproaches and chilling neglect,
  Extort from thy bosom one sorrowful sigh.

And yet, I will tell thee 'tis wrong to repine
  At misfortunes which Providence suffers to be;
'Tis our duty submissive our wills to resign,
  To that power which protects both Lucella and me.

Then be not unmindful of comforts remaining,
  The future, believe me, has blessings in store;
Let gratitude check thee again when complaining,
  Again let me hope you will murmur no more.

'Tis a favour which friendship sincere and unshaken,
  Alive to your welfare, demands as its due;
And surely those feelings which sympathies waken,
  Will not be unheeded or slighted by you.

Then cheer thee, Lucella, and let not the present
  Be clouded by thinking of days that are gone,
Remember though yesterday prov'd but unpleasant,
  To-day has been bright with an unclouded sun.

To the Moth.

Fly away, pretty moth,
I'm exceedingly loth
  To have thee consum'd by my taper;
Do pray wing your flight
From its too fatal light,
  And rest on the ceiling or paper.

Alas! silly thing,
Thou hast scorch'd thy soft wing,
  Headlong thou wilt fall, in a minute;
One elegant horn,
Poor insect, is gone,
  Its beautiful relics are in it.

Why fly around—
To thy cost having found
  The effect of approaching too near;
Lo! thy feet are now gone,
Believe me, anon
  Not a vestige of thee will appear.

Ah! the moment is come
That sealeth thy doom,
  Thy radiant body and head—
Now consume in the blaze,
Thou hast number'd thy days,
  And thy uncontroll'd spirit is fled.

Thou mindest me, Moth,
Of the young, going forth
  To the gay—the delusive gay world;
Who, scorning advice,
Like thee in a trice,
  To utter destruction are hurl'd.

Lines to ——

We parted in sorrow,
  The pitiless sea
Bore thee far on the morrow
  From England and me.
I'll cherish this token,
  Thy last gift to me,
With a heart almost broken—
  Remembering thee.

A friend thou wert ever,
  Kind, faithful, sincere ;
Tho' distance may sever,
  Our spirits are near.
Our hearts are united
  Where'er we may be,
The present is blighted
  For you and for me.

But prospects are breaking
  Through sorrow and gloom,
And hearts that are aching
  Will rest in the tomb.
The spirit undying,
  Unfetter'd, and free,
To the Saviour is flying,
  Remembering me.

'Twas the latest instruction
  He gave upon earth,
To save from destruction,
  From anger and wrath,
Mandkind's fallen race,
  Where'er they may be,
Who seek for his grace
  On a suppliant knee.

Then be it our care,
  Though seas may divide,
To wrestle in prayer
  With our Saviour and guide.
He alone can controul
  The depths of the sea,
And cares for the soul
  That "remembereth me."

The Tulip and Violet,

(A FABLE.)

ONCE on a time a Tulip gay,
Attir'd in rich and fine array,
Address'd with arrogance and pride,
A Violet which grew beside.
"Poor simple weed, of humble birth,
"Creeping along on mother earth;
"How darest thou approach so near,
"The queen of all the gay parterre?
"Observe my stem, erect and tall,
"How irksome it must be to crawl;
"My splendid cup, of richest hue,
"Must needs be much admir'd by you.
"Well may'st thou mourn thy humble lot,
"Despised, neglected, and forgot;
"Whilst I, the gardener's boasted pride,
"Am more admired than all beside.
"Do take a friend's advice, and grow
"With flowers of a less brilliant show;
"The daisy, and the mignionette,
"And others of the meaner set."
"Poor thing!" the Violet replied,
"I deprecate thy haughty pride;
"Contented with my humble sphere,
"I envy not a neighbour here:
"Much less thyself, tho' raised so high,
"With petals dipt in golden dye.
"The storms that spare my form to wound,
"Thy boasted charms may scatter round.
"Or should the blast thy beauty spare,
"And gardener John with nicest care
"Protect thee from each fatal harm,
"More than thyself, vain flower, I charm.

"The sweets which from my breath exhale,
"Perfume the Zephyr's balmy gale;
"Hence, taste neglecting thee so fine!
"Prostrates before my humble shrine.
"Thy scent, alas! disgusts much more
"Than all thy beauty gain'd before."
So he of plain or homely face,
Whose mind is rich in cultur'd grace,
Will gain more friends, be happier too,
Possess'd of all but outward show;
Than he who, like the Tulip fair,
Makes that alone his only care.

Remembrance.

Ah! memory fondly lingers yet,
O'er much-loved scenes with deep regret.

'Tis not the hour of childhood gay,
Which, like the rose, has pass'd away;
'Tis not the landscape's lowing scene,
In varied tints of lovely green:

The dale, the spire, the stream, the hill,
No, these are all remaining still;
It is not home that I regret,
But one that I shall ne'er forget.

When fancy, with reflective eye,
Retraces scenes and times gone by;
When much loved friends and I have met,
Where memory fondly lingers yet;

That faded form appears in view,
With sunken cheek and pallid hue;
The kind embrace, the parting tear,
The anxious wish, the earnest prayer.

The friend and guide together met,
In her whom I shall ne'er forget;
I seek that form, but find it not,
In each beloved—still beauteous spot;
And when surviving friends are met,
We talk of her with fond regret.

To the Robin.

Ah! gentle Robin, is it so,
Do the flow'rets cease to blow?
Has autumnal's chilling power
Driven thee from verdant bower?

Has the Zephyr ceased to play?
And the sportive lamb so gay,
Bid adieu to wood and grove,
Where thou'st warbled notes of love?

Has the humming busy bee,
Bid farewell to flower and tree?
Does the thrush no longer sing,
With the mellow note of spring?

If thou canst no longer find
Beauties suited to thy mind,
Welcome, here extend thy throat,
With a warbling tuneful note.

Near my cottage window flutter,
Perch upon the casement shutter,
Watch me with thy sparkling eye;
Robin tell me, tell me why.

Dost thou think in man to find
A nature docile, free and kind,
That around his cot you fly;
Robin tell me, tell me why.

Why you court the cottage door,
Carol sweetly to the poor,
Morning, noon and evening spread
Thy russet wings around my shed?

Well, Robin, from my daily bread
I'll engage you shall be fed,
Till the vernal sun shall come,
And lure thee from my peaceful home.

A Tear.

Oh! say what is that powerful charm
That can the fiercest rage disarm,
And stay the uplifted vengeful arm?

What is it cancels unbelief?
And when the mind is torn by grief,
What gives the bursting heart relief?

What is it speaks the feeling mind—
A social sympathy refined,
And solace gives of gentlest kind?

What softly trembles in the eye,
And, blended with a gentle sigh,
Evinces sensibility?

And though the worldling deems it weak,
What with such eloquence can speak,
When straying down the manly cheek—
A Tear?

What is Justice?

WHAT justice is I wish to know:
Is it to spare an open foe?
Or slily watch the lucky minute,
Prepare a pit, and plunge him in it?
Is it to vex a quiet neighbour?
To rob the hireling of his labour?
Is it to mar a friend's good name,
Because you're envious of the same?
Is it to give large sums away,
Contracting debts you cannot pay?
Is it to give your hopeful heir
Your whole estate; a pittance bare
To those who equal claimants are?
Is it to countenance a vice
In titled rank? be over nice
To him who errs; but in a trifle
The widow and the child to rifle?

An Elegy.

ACCEPT, blest shade, the tributary lay
Thy worth demands from my deep sorrowing muse:
How vain, alas! those feelings to pourtray,
Which memory o'er thy urn so fondly strews.

Could youth, or virtue, or religion save
Thy form from death, or stay thy sojourn here,
We had not placed thee in the silent grave,
Nor shed the bitter unavailing tear.

Yet why regret, or mourn thy short career,
  Since earthly good fast hastens to decay?
"Forgive the wish that would have kept thee here,
  "And stay'd thy progress to the realms of day."

E'en there perchance 'tis granted thee to know
  Those friends to whom thou wast so justly dear;
Then were it best to check the tide of woe,
  Nor wound thy gentle spirit with a tear.

Thrice happy friend, thus privileg'd by faith,
  So soon to quit this frail, uncertain scene,
For one where happiness is found complete,
  And all are happy, peaceful and serene.

Nor long on earth shall we, thy friends, remain,
  Time bears us onward to that eternal shore,
Where we shall meet each much-lov'd friend again,
  Oh! blissful thought—to separate no more!

FINIS.

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